A True and Genuine Account of

Lady KIRK,

Who was tried at the Aſſizes at Winchester, in Hampſhire, and found guilty of poiſoning her Huſband, two Sons, and a Daughter, and received Sentence of Death;

WITH

A particular Relation of her public Execution; her Body being taken to the adjoining Common, and there burnt before ten Thouſand Spectators; and alſo how her Daughter, at the Place of Execution, own'd herſelf guilty of the Crime, and that ſhe had ſwore falſly againſt her Mother, and accordingly threw herſelf into the Fire, and was alſo burnt.

1607/3623.
(2)

THE

Unhappy Sufferer.

PARENTS that have Children, I pray
Unto theſe lines attention give;
And unto God for mercy crave,
To be your guide while you do live.

For in Hampſhire I do declare,
There in a town call'd Thirſk by name,
Near Wincheſter ſo fair,
Went thence a gentleman of fame,

For to enjoy a fair eſtate,
Of ſixteen hundred pounds a year,
And with him went a virtuous wife,
Two ſons, likewiſe two daughters fair.

When he had full poſſeſſion took,
He was unto the poor moſt kind,
For he to charity indeed,
And ſerving God was much inclin'd.

Yet it was his unhappy fate,
His youngeſt child to doat upon,
As alſo did his wife indeed,
And that their ruin did begin.

This maid had ſuitors far and near,
But none could then obtain her love;
At laſt a grocer's ſon did ſteer,
A courting to this maiden fair.

He brought this maiden to conſent,
With that he to her parents went,
To aſk of them their free good will,
Which they poor ſouls did give conſent.

He with a treacherous heart did ſay,
Do get your friends eſtate for me,
With tears ſhe ſaid I can't preſume,
Then fare thee well, replied he.

When he had left her all in woe,
She yielded to the devil's will,
Who ſoon did put her in a way,
Theſe cruel Murders to fulfil.

She ſtraight from Thirſk ſome miles did go,
And there did buy ſome poiſon ſtrong,
So then poor wretch without delay,
She home again did ſoon return.

She made a bowl of punch herſelf,
So mixt the poiſon in with ſpeed;
Then ſtrait th' feigned herſelf ſick,
Becauſe ſhe would not drink indeed.

They all around the bowl was ſet,
And then began to drink the ſame;
And when the bowl of punch was out,
Her mother ſhe return'd again.

Whoſe huſband ſaid your daughter's come,
At this her mother did rejoice to hear,
But O! poor ſouls they little thought
Their latter end it was ſo near.

So then to bed they all did go,
But O! next morning, as 'tis ſaid,
Her father, brothers, and ſiſters dear,
Were all found dead within their beds.

The old lady ſaid my child get up,
For your father he is dead.
She ſeem'd amaz'd, and ſtraightway cry'd,
I'm ruined then ſhe ſaid.

So then to tell their brothers they,
Unto their chamber did repair,
Where in their beds they there did lie,
In death's cold arms as doth appear.

The noiſe was quickly ſpread about,
And many went the ſame to ſee,
Among which for truth we hear,
A doctor ſaid they poiſoned be.

The daughter ſhe did then declare,
She ſaw her mother mix ſome glare,
Into a bowl of punch indeed,
Then burnt the paper with all ſpeed.

The doctor he to her did ſay,
Madam you have this murder done,
So for a Juſtice went ſtraightway,
To ſee of her what ſhould become.

And altho' ſhe was innocent,
She ſtrait to priſon was convey'd,
Where ſhe her cauſe did much lament,
Until the aſſizes, as it's ſaid.

And then the morning being come,
She to the bar did ſtrait appear,
When that her cruel daughter ſhe
Swore falſe againſt her mother dear.

Her ſentence then was to be burnt,
And ſhe poor ſoul did weep and mourn,
So the next morning being come,
She to the ſtake was chain'd to burn.

The fire was kindled with ſpeed,
She for mercy call'd indeed,
The daughter that this thing had done,
Cry'd pray make room and let me come.

She gave a letter to the prieſt,
Then to the people's great ſurprize,
She in the flames did throw herſelf,
Indeed with diſmal ſhrieks and cries.

She and her tender mother too,
Were burnt to death that very day;
And youths slight not your parents dear,
For fear it your destruction prove.

The young man he distracted run,
And threw himself into a well,
Unto his parents sorrow great,
So justice on his head then fell.

The following Letter ſhe delivered to the Rev. Mr. Jones, as he ſtood by the Fire.

LET this be publiſhed as a warning to all others, not to prove falſe in love for the ſake of gold, which has been my ruin; for one James Parker, whom I prized above my ſoul, to get my father's eſtate into my own hands that I might have him for my huſband, I poiſoned my father, two brothers, and a ſiſter, and to ſave myſelf I ſwore againſt my mother falſly, and have taken her life wrongfully, a ſure way to the utter deſtruction of my ſoul. And ſir, let this my deſire be publiſh'd, that young people may take warning.

This being the laſt deſire of her miſerable ſoul.

FINIS.